

WOMAN

is the pivot
upon which
Trade Turns.

A number of years ago I suggested to one of my clients that he place an advertisement for goods used exclusively by men in a paper supposed to be read exclusively by women. The advertisement appeared; it continued in that paper several consecutive years. The actual mail cash sales, coming directly from that advertisement, were two or three times as great, reckoning proportionate cost, than came from the same advertisement in any of the hundred papers my client was advertising in. Since then I have made these experiments many times, until I believe I have a right to claim that the experiment has passed into fact.—Nathl. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Expert.

The Courier is the favorite journal among the ladies of Lincoln and adjacent country. Plant your advertisement in its columns and reap best results.

Photographer
Has at great expense replaced his old instruments with a new outfit, myer, direct from London, and is now better prepared than ever to do fine work, from a locket up to life size. Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Sundays.

Studio, 1214 O street.



**USE TOWARDS
CREAM OF ROSES.**
The most exquisite preparation for the skin, never Chapped, Itchy, Chafed or Itched.
Removes Tan and Freckles.
Positive cure for Salt Rheum. Ladies' complexion perfect. Excellent to use after shaving. Perfectly harmless. Price 25 cents. Sold by all first-class druggists.

**C. L. RICHARDS,
ATTORNEY.**
RICHARDS BLOC
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Lincoln Normal University
FREE Tuition! Full term, in seven different courses. Only high grade independent Normal in the state. The Finest Buildings, Equipments, and Abundant Normal Faculty. No experiment, but an established management, 40 courses, 35 teachers and lecturers. A live school for the masses. Write for catalogue to F. F. ROOME, Manager, Lincoln, Neb.

**MISSOURI
PACIFIC
RAILWAY**

FAST MAIL ROUTE!
2-DAILY TRAINS—2
—TO—
Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all Points South, East and West.
The direct line to Ft. Scott, Parsons, Wichita, Hutchinson and all principal points in Kansas.
The only road to the Great Hot Springs of Arkansas. Pullman Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains.
J. E. R. MILLAR, R. P. R. MILLAR,
City Ticket Agt. Gen'l Agent.

Remember that the best route to Chicago from Lincoln (through Omaha) is via the "Rock Island." The Dining Cars are all new and elegant; the service everybody knows to be the best in the United States. Have power and better Sleepers, handsome Day Coaches, best Reclining Chair Cars, and the train to now and the handiest that runs from Lincoln to Chicago (via Omaha). If you want to be convinced of this fact, compare it with other so-called first-class lines. Tickets for sale by CHAS. RUTHERFORD, City Passenger Agent, in the Hotel "Lincoln."

THE SERAPH'S WINGS.

DR. TALMAGE IN THE MANUFACTURING TOWNS OF MIDDLE ENGLAND.

The Seraph Covered His Face When He Approached the Throne of God—This Seems to Be an Age of Irreverence. Fools Make a Mock of Sin.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—During the past week Dr. Talmage has been preaching to enormous audiences in the great manufacturing towns of the English midland counties. In Birmingham, in spite of the great size of the churches placed at his disposal, it was necessary to engage the town hall, the spacious building in which John Bright delivered his famous speeches to the electors, and even this edifice would not contain half the people who tried to get entrance. At Leicester, Cardiff and Swansea there was the same eagerness to hear him and he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The sermon selected for publication this week is on Isaiah vi, 2, "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uziah had died and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple, building, grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestial, not the cherubim, but higher than they; the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants, the seraphim. They are called burners, because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being there are pinions which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and most inspiring of all intelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

GOD'S SWIFT MESSENGERS.
The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne, overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion, amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overwhelming splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face. Then as God tells the seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me, when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is a lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service, we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many mistakes they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The "Bridgewater Treatise," written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the 40,000 bequested in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the advancement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write on the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.
And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves. I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the base of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care, "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved," "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet are not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making mistakes, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou hast walked on the heels of my feet."

Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear, not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet! Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much were we. "With twain he covered the feet."

HOW HUMAN NATURE IS CORRUPTED.
All this talk about the dignity of human nature is bragadoocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been paperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was shortly masoned with stone and brick, but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, William Von Kyskom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and clean it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean!

Another seraphic posture in the text, "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much reverence abroad in the world as today. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a monument, in the fact that military guard must stand at the graves of Grant and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrisies beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms, father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnak, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it.

Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty! Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentalism and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes, no kneeling, no bowing, no bowing the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in such a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelism of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

THE LOVE AND THE SERVICE OF GOD.
The Bible gives us two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves—body, mind and soul—into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no salvation, I want no pardon, I want no intervention, I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a weak hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchies of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the angels of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for shame, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence is a characteristic of all great nature. You hear it in the roll of the master oratorios. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Gibraltarios. You study it in the architecture of the Abolins and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is he God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer of the name of Strader who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents, but forbad the applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the terms of his costliness. Yes, I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while he has the stars of heaven for his tiara.

THE OMNIPOTENT ONE.
Earthly power goes from hand to hand—from Henry I to Henry II and Henry III, from Charles I to Charles II, from Louis I to Louis II and Louis III—but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which he sees everything—his omniscience. He has one bridge with which he crosses everything—his omnipotence. He has one hammer with which he builds everything—his omnipotence. Put two tablespoonsful of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic, and the Pacific, and the Arctic, and the Antarctic, and the Mediterranean, and the Black sea, and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of his hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the origin of the dust of the earth, the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand breadths, or it is ten hand breadths. So indicates the prophet, God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span."

You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two weights at the extremities of equal length. In that way what vast weight has been weighed! But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps, and the Apennines, and Mount Washington, and the Sierra Nevada? You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents—the tops, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the milligrams—just how much they weighed then and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against; oh, what a God to disobey; oh, what a God to dishonor; oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

THE USE OF WINGS.
Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without eagerness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraph has wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings as the Bible says so. "Hailing in his wings," "Under the shadow of his wings," "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." We have folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. A! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Sengrave's poem which we often sing:
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.
I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, which says:
I mount, I fly.
O Death, where is thy victory?
A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalis becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turn into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in a chrysalis state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither scull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

STRUGGLE TOWARD GOD.
See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and weeping about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. Say it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the vanities of codices, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphire domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning, bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel on the wing, covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not sorrowfully say, "What a disappointment! He was to him; how average he was to his people; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity!" Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the castoff chrysalis, the molting of the faded and useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

Why Canadians Emigrate.
Mr. Tremblant, a member of the legislative commission appointed a few days before the close of the last session of the provincial legislature of Quebec to inquire into the cause of emigration of farmers to the United States, has made known the conclusions at which he has arrived. Ranged under seven heads, they are briefly as follows:
Poverty of French Canadians.
Large families.
Difficulty of establishing homes.
Defective cultivation of lands.
Taste for luxury.
Seizure of household effects and wages for debts.
Plague of peddlers.—Lawson Journal.

Keeping Time in the South Pacific.
The islanders of the south Pacific have no clocks. They have a curious timekeeper of their own. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle-tree, they wash them and string them on the midrib of a palm leaf. This is pruned up and the top kernel lighted. As all the kernels are of the same size and substance they burn each a certain number of minutes, setting fire then to the one below. The natives tie bits of bark along the string at regular intervals to make divisions of time.—Boston Herald.

Mac Men of Pulverized Sugar.
I placed a package of sugar on the table, and my five-year-old daughter, after an examination, asked, "Mamma, what kind of sugar is this?" "Granulated, my dear." "Why, mamma, I thought you sent for pulverized sugar!"—Youth's Companion.

NEW GOODS.



Formerly of HUFFMAN & RICHTER. 1039 O STREET
NEW LOCATION.

HERE'S A SNAP

We have just placed on sale a lot of

Fine Correspondence Paper x x x
Comprising 300 Boxes of
LABELLE FRANCE LINEN

either Ruled or Plain, with latest shape Envelopes, Also 200 boxes of

FAIRMOUNT CREAM LAID

in Plain or Ruled, with Envelopes same style as LaBelle France Linen.

These are offered now at
25c PER BOX
Each Box contains a full quire of Paper, and the same number of Envelopes, and they are just as good as what you usually pay 50 cents for.
This is a bargain worth looking into.
Wessel-Stevens Printing Co.,
Courier Office, 1134 N St.

HOTEL RAMONA

CASCADE, COLORADO.

+ SEASON 1892 OPENS JUNE 20. +

E. K. CRILEY & CO., Prop's.

Also Proprietors Centropolis Hotel, Kansas City, Missouri.

This charming resort, the most beautiful in Colorado, is located on the Colorado Midland Railroad, about two hours ride from Denver, and twelve miles from Colorado Springs. The hotel accommodations with the Ramona, the largest and most elaborately furnished resort hotel in the state, and the Cascade House, both being under the same management this season, will be unequalled in the mountains. A good eastern Orchestra has been engaged for the season. Everything towards furthering the comfort and enjoyment of the guests will be provided. Boating on the lake, Lawn Tennis, Croquette, Hunting and Fishing are among the attractions. Guides will be in attendance to show and explain to visitors the points of interest in these famous canons. The Pike's Peak drive, the highest in the world, begins in front of the Ramona hotel. For further information address,
E. K. CRILEY & CO., Cascade, Colo.

HERCULES

Gas or Gasoline

ENGINES

Makes no smell or dirt.
For Simplicity It Beats the World.
No Batteries or Electric Spark to care for.
Just Light the Burner, turn the Wheel, and it runs all day.
No double or false Explosions, frequent with the unreliable spark.
It runs with a cheaper grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR TO
H. P. HALLOCK & CO.
Representatives of the
Atlantic-Pacific Type Foundry,
No. 1013 HOWARD ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Lincoln Coal Co.

Dealer in all kinds of

COAL AND WOOD.

Office 1045 O Street.
Yards 6th and M Sts.
Phone 440.
JOHN DOOLITTLE,
Manager.